

Boys Like Boys by femmesteven

Series: [Harringrove Tumblr Shorts \[25\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve let's Billy know that he's open to experimenting.

Boys Like Boys

Author's Note:

@FemmeSteve on Tumblr!! Come send me prompts or say hi!

Steve opens up easily once Billy gets a couple of shots in him. The liquor is pink, stolen of course, and glides down the throat easily. It's sweet and Steve licks his lips after each taste. Billy's eyes follow the movement each time without fail, unable to stop thinking about sticky, strawberry kisses. They're getting along fine, having decided to leave the past behind them months ago. This was one of the first times that they felt comfortable enough to hang out alone, listening to Billy's radio play his new tape softly in the background. If there hadn't of been liquor and a smidge of weed shared between them, the atmosphere would have been too awkward. Intimate. Two guys alone in a dark car, buzzed and high and too close in the back seat.

Steve's lips pop off of the bottle, and he hands it to Billy. His brown eyes are shining in a way that makes the blond think that he was about to say something stupid. What he says instead is even more unnerving.

"You ever kiss boys? In California?" Steve asks. He grins when Billy nearly chokes on alcohol.

"Who asks that?" Billy responds a bit defensively, his cheeks beginning to burn a little in embarrassment.

"I'm just curious. Wanna hear a secret?" Steve says, lowering his voice despite no one else being around.

"Yeah," Billy says back immediately, perhaps too enthusiastically. He hopes that Steve didn't notice.

Steve bites his lip and accepts the bottle back, cradling it in his hands for a moment as he stares down at it, "I've kissed boys before," He whispers.

Billy pauses, swallowing hard. He knew that Steve was going to say something like that, and yet it still hit him like a rock. He had spent all evening thinking about kissing Steve, had spent his whole life thinking about kissing boys in general. He thought he was alone in that since they moved to Hawkins. Billy wanted to scream, "ME TOO!! I LIKE BOYS, STUPID!!", but he kept his cool. He was still extremely cautious. Steve could ruin him. This could be a trick.

"Did you like it?" Billy asks, and he feels so stupid afterward. He should have said something else.

Steve nods his head a bit shyly, and Billy feels his cock twitch. He hadn't kissed another guy since they moved. Hadn't touched anyone but girls. He'd been good. Like his father had demanded of him.

"A lot. It's so different from kissing a girl," Steve says, staring out the window, "Feels different..Tastes different."

Billy swallows again, scooting closer to the brunette despite himself. Steve was drawing him in like a magnet with his tentative, drunken words. Shy as though confessing ultimate sin.

"They're just kisses," Steve breaks through Billy's thoughts, "Just experimenting."

Billy caps the bottle and lays it on the floorboard beneath their feet. He's about to do something stupid. He can't stop himself.

"Do you wanna kiss me?" He asks, heart hammering in his chest.

Steve pauses, and for a moment Billy thinks that he's going to be rejected, but Steve is nodding again and Billy feels himself melt. Their lips meet a little clumsily, warm and sweet with artificial strawberries. They lick hungrily into each other's mouths and reach with eager hands to pull the other closer. It's so overwhelming and so fucking good and Billy realizes too late that he's whining into the kiss. They pull away to breathe, heavy and still so close. The car is unbearably hot, but Billy wants to be closer. Steve's body is like a furnace.

"Have you ever-?" Steve whispers.

“Yeah,” Billy nods, “A lot.”

Steve whispers, “oh,” and then they’re kissing again.